

Legacy

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Summary: Soul and Maka are sent on a mission to Alaska to investigate the nightly disappearances of a local town's children but they aren't the only ones on a mission.

## 1. Chapter 1

Maka sighed as she sunk deeper into her seat in, thinking heavily as she stared into space, while Soul in the seat next to her wrestled with a small baggie of peanuts. All the while she went over the details of their mission in her head, drumming her fingers on the seat's armrest. They were to go to a local Alaskan town to investigate a string of nightly disappearances of some of the children; Pretty straight forward. Usually the local law enforcement would handle this, but if the number of missing people should go up above a certain number in a certain amount of time, it could suggest the presence of a kishin egg. What made her blood boil was the fact that this particular kishin egg preyed on young children.

It was already evil enough to consume human souls already, but in her book if you were a kishin egg who consumed the souls of helpless children then it was a totally different ball game. She had dealt with a handful of kishin eggs over the course of her career who took some type of sick pleasure out of selectively eating the souls of children. Let's just say that those kishin eggs have contributed into the ongoing process of making Soul into a Death Scythe. She stewed like this until the she started to feel the steady takeoff of the plane push her into the seat. Three things happened at once; her ears popped, a baby in the seat directly behind them gave an ear-piercing wail and Soul flinched, causing the bag of peanuts to open explosively, pelting them both with the bag's contents. Soul muttered something about there is 'always a crying baby' under his breath while Maka just sighed thinking 'This is going to be one long flight'.

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><p>"What's their ETA?"<p>

"Sir, aren't you being a little too paranoid?" The young Navigations Officer replied to his superior from his respective position at the Nav console, scratching his head as he looked at the status of the aircraft in question.

He gave his Nav Officer a look before replying. "It helps to be paranoid when running the kind of op were running. Now about that ETA?"

The officer glanced at the plane's flight data before responding. "They're still on their original course and their bird will be on the tarmac in five."

"Good." He turned to his left addressing a middle-aged woman sitting on another console. "Notify the forward operating base on the ground that the Lindenberg protocol is now active."

"Usual encryption sir?" She spoke as she typed on the console's keyboard.

"Yes." He nodded turning his attention to the observation window to be greeted by the sight of the Earth from their fixed position in orbit. So much was riding on this mission being a success.

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><p>"Well at least airport security was a breeze." said Soul as they packed their belongings onto Soul's motorcycle. "Good thing we didn't pack any water bottles."<p>

Maka sighed, which she seemed to be doing a of lot lately. "Well at least something's going right for us so far." she looked over to see Soul strap his bag onto the back of the bike. Once he was satisfied that it wouldn't come undone he mounted the vehicle and patted the seat behind him smiling at her. She rolled her eyes and sat down behind him. Once they were settled Soul keyed the ignition and they were off.

As they drove Maka thought that Alaska wouldn't be that bad of a place to live if it weren't for the cold. She liked the look of the landscape but she wasn't that much of a fan of the climate. It's the second time she's been in the area, but she hadn't really set foot on mainland Alaska, just the secluded island that Brew was on. So it just felt familiar and new all at the same time to her. Speaking of the last time they were here, just like last time they were bundled up just enough to keep warm and not too much that they wouldn't be able to move when the time came. She just hoped that they didn't get lost like that last time in Germany.

At the thought she blurted out. "Soul, do you know where you're going?"

Soul hung his head as he turned onto a highway, remembering just what she was referring to. "Don't worry Maka, I've learned a bit since then." He noticed the person in front of them going a little too slow for his liking and passed the offending sedan before continuing. "Besides, I am NOT going to have a repeat of that happening again." He furrowed his brow in determination. Maka on the other hand sighed in relief, just happy that he knew how to get to there.

They've been driving for what felt like two hours when they stopped for gas at a place that fit the stereotype of a local gas station. The pavement was cracked in places, there was people milling about filling their gas tanks while talking with other passersby. All else said, it was a very active environment when they pulled up to a gas pump. Soul dismounted the bike, paid for the gas, attaching the hose to the bike's tank before turning to Maka. "Oi Maka, I'm going inside to get some hand warmers for the road, need anything?"

"I'm fine." She stretched as she sat on the bike. "If only Jacqueline was here though."

Soul gave a grunt of amusement as he walked towards the gas station's store, noting stacks of tires of many different sizes and a rack of hub caps with various price tags attached to each one. He walked into the store, the familiar typing of the cash register filled his ears as the cashier rung up the current customer while the one next in line looked a little too nervous for his liking. The guy was shifting from foot to foot slightly while his eyes made him look like a deer in the headlights, or a deer with a grey winter jacket, hat, and sweatpants in the headlights. Soul shrugged, wondering what his problem was as he moved through the aisles, his search eventually bringing him to the back of the store. He looked around, scanning for what he was looking for... and finding the container completely empty. Picking up the small empty box, he was about to go and ask the cashier if they had any more when he heard: "Give me all the money, NOW!" Soul went and peeked around an aisle corner to see the guy from before shakily pointing a revolver at the cashier while holding a burlap sack out in front of him pointing towards the cashier. Surprise, surprise. Soul thought as he moved from behind his vantage point walking out in the open. "Hey, you sure that's such a good idea?"

The guy nearly jumped through the roof before turning to his attention and his gun to Soul. "S-stay outta this, I'm not afraid to use this thing!" Soul would have smirked if he wasn't trying to keep a good poker face on for the moment. The guy was obviously scared; the biggest give away being the arm that held the gun was shaking like a reed in a wind tunnel. This time he smirked, he could use this.

"You should be." He extended his arm transforming it into the familiar blade of his scythe form. All the while the guy's mouth was agape as he looked at the spot where the curved blade took up the space where the arm should be. Soul slowly advanced as the gunman slowly backed away. Eventually backing him out of the gas station's convenience store to the point where they were both outside the front door. Soul gave the guy a faked predatory look before faking a lunging action. Well it worked, the guy took off running towards an idling van whose driver had opened the door and was madly gesticulating for the would be passenger to get in. Now for the real part. Soul turned to the hub cap rack.

Picking up an old hub cap with a decent size and weight he focused on the fleeing form of the man before throwing it frisbee style at him. It zipped through the air, connecting with his head with the sound of metal meeting bone making Soul wince in the process. He collapsed with a surrendered "omph." His body connecting with the ever so forgiving asphalt. He changed his arm back to it's normal form,

giving the driver a look he started to walk a few steps in the direction of the van. Apparently that was all the driver needed for a reason to get the hell out of dodge, seeing as the fact that his partner in crime just got downed by a hubcap frisbee thrown by what seemed to be an albino kid with a curved blade for an arm. That was all the convincing the driver needed as he slammed on the gas pedal causing the tires to screech in protest as he zoomed out of the gas station.

In the process nearly killing one truck driver who got out of the way just in time at the expense of spilling his coffee on his plaid shirt and overalls. Earning the getaway driver a few curses as he sped down the road like a bat outta hell drugged up on way too much heroin. Soul smiled as he walked up to the prone figure and with his foot sent the revolver sliding left towards the store and away from the guy's hand. Soul examined his handy work for a second before picking up the hubcap and walking back to the store's door, putting the hubcap back to it's respective position on the rack as he walked. He was pleasantly surprised that he hit the guy at all, let alone in the head. Thinking over what had just happened the 'You should be' phrase that he said to the guy was a little too cliché for his liking, but hey it worked though.

He opened the store door, seeing the little empty hand warmer box that he dropped from before. Picking up the box he set it on the counter as the cashier stared at him dumbfounded. " Uhh, do you have anymore handwarmers?"

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So what do you guys think; was it good, bad, or even ugly, did the characters stay in character, did I keep your attention?

Also I did not see any new fanfiction in the Soul Eater section that piqued my interest so I thought that it was nigh time that someone parched the thirst.

By the way I'm also still trying to figure out how many pages of writing I will need to write in order to release some pretty meaty chapters so I apologize for this chapter's shortness.

## 2. Two Heads

Okay here is the new chapter. Just to put this out there that the last part of this is hot off the press

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Dr Tanner walked down the long corridor, flanked by two troopers on either side of him as he was escorted from his lab to a small one on one conference room on the port side of the ship. They rounded a corner, walking until they reached a door at the end of a long row of doors that dotted the corridor. The door opened automatically, revealing a plain metal table and the Lieutenant sitting down on one of the table's two chairs, his interlaced fingers resting on the table's surface next to a data pad.

The troopers stood at attention saluting the lieutenant as the one on left addressed him. "Sir?"

"That'll be all corporal." He nodded as the two troopers about faced and exited the room before he spoke to the doctor. "I've been meaning to talk with you." He gestured to the seat, waiting for him to take it before he continued the conversation.

"So it seems." The doctor looked around as he scooted his chair closer to the table in order to get comfortable. "Let's get down to business then."

"Okay then, the reason why I wanted to talk to you today is because I want to know if we can still track the subject with this 'energy residue' that you mentioned in your report upon the discovery of said subject." He slid the datapad across the table to Tanner waiting patiently for a response.

Tanner picked up the data pad, skimming through his past report. "Sir with all due respect the residual energy from the event that brought the subject to our attention in the first place is in a rate of decay, it's been like that since the incident."

"I see." He leaned back in his chair as he continued. "But how long until we're unable to track this 'signature'?"

Tanner did a quick calculation on the datapad, answering when the results blinked into existence on the screen. "I'd give it at least 24 hours before the ship's onboard telemetry can no longer track the signature." Tanner looked at the lieutenant who at the moment seemed to be deep in thought. "But we won't need to track the subject for longer than that, right?"

"If the initial plan of operation follows through then yes we won't need to, but I just wanted to know if we could use it in any of our contingencies in the event that it doesn't." He tapped the table as he said the last of the sentence to make his point.

"I understand."

The lieutenant seemed to be thinking again. He was always noted for his well thought out and methodical strategies, obviously an aspiring and ideal replacement for his predecessor. That particular train of thought reminded him of both their predecessors and their subsequent court martial. Before he could delve any further on the thought the lieutenant cleared his throat. "Tanner, how diminished would the signal be after the 24 hours?" He gave Tanner what looked to be an appraising look as he talked. "Would any of our equipment planetside be able to detect it?"

Tanner put the datapad back down on the table. "We would literally need to be right next to the subject in order to to detect the signature."

"Okay, well I would hate to keep you away from your preparations for receiving the subject and your ongoing research on the artifact so we'll have to cut this meeting short for today." The lieutenant stood up, holding the datapad at his side as Tanner rose from his seat. "Oh, and keep me posted."

"Yes sir." Tanner walked to the door as it opened to reveal his waiting escort. Taking up position on either side of him while

staying slightly behind him, they were off, the troopers gear clinking every once and awhile as they walked back to his lab.

Once the lieutenant was alone he tapped a few coordinates into the datapad and a grouping of many buildings nestled near a base of a mountain and surrounded by a thicket of trees sprang into holographic life. "Magnify." The image zoomed in to the sight of a snow covered street paralleled by houses on either side with a few lamp lights lined along the street's sides. "Highlight." A small cozy looking brick house with a chimney blinked yellow a couple of times before coloring the home a dull solid yellow. He leaned forward, elbow on the table with his cheek resting on his fist as he looked down at the image. So this is the home of the family that the subject is going to use as bait. Good thing two heads are better than one.

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><p>"Aannnd we're here with hours to spare before sunset." Soul spoke as he drove the bike into town. He took in the sight of the town's architecture as drove. "I wonder if they have a diner around here, somewhere that we could look for clues in?"<p>

Maka narrowed her eyes on her weapon, wondering why he would be thinking about food on a mission like this. Since that one time in Italy he was on a non-food-diverging-suggestions-while-on-mission-streak that apparently he decided to break now of all times. Nonetheless she didn't mind putting him back on that path of no-food-diverging-suggestions-while-on-mission. "Would that be your stomach or your brain talking?" She reached for her weapon of choice that was conveniently resting in her overslung backpack.

Soul raised an eyebrow. "Depends on which one will get me hit?" He heard the telltale sound of the zipper of her backpack opening. Soul thought he was a goner until the sight of their destination came into view and a solution to his impending Maka chop situation came to mind. Maka was hell bent on ensuring this particular mission's success. She's often a hard case and very goal-oriented when given these types of missions. So maybe he could take her attention away from giving him the Webster dictionary K.O. by distracting her with the mission long enough so that she could forget to reprimand him? Soul decided to take the chance so he put pressure on the bike's accelerator to close the gap in time before she could bring the dreaded chop down. The sudden change in velocity startled Maka as they sped down the street towards their destination. He stopped the bike a little too abruptly next to the house to park the bike giving his meister in the process a slight case of whiplash. He forgot to gradually slow down to a stop and now he was going to pay for it.

"Soul!" Maka shouted indignantly.

Soul tried to come up with a passable excuse. "Sorry, my fingers sli..." His sentence was cut short as Maka's Webster dictionary compacted into his skull.

Lot of help that did, damn that hurt. Some nagging feeling in the back of his head kept telling him that she brought that damn book along just for him. "Okay, I guess I deserve that." Soul rubbed his head to relieve the throbbing pain that the brain scattering Maka chop left in it's wake. While Maka on the other hand smoothed out the

wrinkles on her jacket before she dismounted the motorcycle. Soul quickly followed suit, gingerly comforting the sore spot on his head while he walked with her to the house.

Maka walked up the concrete steps to the the home's wooden door. Seeing a doorbell nestled on the door frame she pushed the button twice hearing the muffled sound of the bell from inside the house. There was a metallic tinkering of the door lock before it opened just a crack to reveal a small girl wearing a blue dress with pink accents.

The little girl cocked her head to one side regarding the pair before her. "Who are you?"

Maka cleared her throat and crouched down until she was eye level with the girl. "Hi! I'm Maka and this is Soul..."

"My parents told me not to talk to strangers." The girl said it flatly, killing Maka's introduction in the process.

Maka shook it off, determined to stay jovial smiled in the hope that it would spread to the little girl and the straight face that she was wearing continued on. "That's okay, but we're from the DWMA. Can we talk to your parents?"

"Whatever you're selling we don't want any, no thank you." The girl shut and locked the door on a very deflated Maka and a smiling Soul.

Soul chuckled. "Charming. Hey Maka, I thought you said you were good with kids when Lord Death gave us the mission?" Soul smiled as he looked at his flabbergasted meister who was still crouched looking at the spot where the girl's face was a moment ago.

"With most kids... I guess she just has to have time to get to know us better."

Soul gave an amused grunt. "Well at least you didn't try to look past her into the house while saying 'Are your parents home?' ' ' Maka stood up, furrowing her brow she thought about it until the door opened again but this time there was an older woman instead of the little girl.

"Sorry about that she's a smart alec to anyone new that comes knocking." Maka gave Soul a look conveying the universal I-told-you-so meaning.

"It's okay, by the way I'm Maka and this is Soul." Soul nodded as he was mentioned in Maka's introduction while the older woman listened.

"Ah, you two must be the people from the DWMA. Well you better come inside and warm up before you catch your death out there"

"Thank you" The woman moved, gesturing for them to come into the house. Upon entering the home their sense of smell was assaulted by an aroma that was unmistakably that of cooking food. It immediately went to work on making Soul's mouth water at the smell of it.

Once they were inside the woman closed the door, satisfied that it

was properly sealed she spoke. "You can make yourselves comfortable and hang up your coats up on the coat hangers there if you want." She pointed to a coat rack beside the door which they did set their coats onto. "I'm so glad that you kids came bundled up. I heard that we're getting a lot more snow tonight." Maka smiled, happy that the people that she had to deal with for this mission so far weren't grade A assholes.

The woman coughed before continuing again. "I guess you've already met Sarah over there," she pointed to the girl from earlier who at the moment was occupying a space on a sofa, tv remote in hand as she flipped through the channels on a television set, "Sarah honey, come say hi we got company."

Sarah turned her head in Maka's and Soul's direction. "Hi." She waved shortly as she said the phrase of welcome. Maka smiled and waved back to the little girl. Maka looked at Soul, seeing that he didn't greet the girl back she elbowed him in the ribs. He gave an "Oomf" to the sudden impact to his side, rubbing his side he realized what she wanted him to do and he quickly gave the smiling spectator to his abuse a short wave. Sarah, bemused by the events that have transpired over the past five minutes, contentedly turned her attention back to the television.

"Well I'm and my significant other is working his magic in the kitchen." It was a small house so it wasn't uncommon for the living room, dining room, and kitchen to be conjoined as she lead them around a corner to be greeted by a man whose back was turned to them as he dutifully stirred the steaming contents of a pot. "Hun, they're here."

turned the burner that the pot was resting on all the way down to low before turning face them. "Hi, you can either call me Eddy or if you like and thank you for doing this. I think I can speak for most of the parents that live in this small town that have kids that you're doing this town a service by taking down that thing." He extended his hand out, avidly shaking hands with Soul and Maka.

At this Soul piped up. "If there's anyone to thank it's you guys, if it weren't for this stakeout then we would have a lot more digging to do to find this guy."

sighed. "We just want this nightmare to end. I remember when the kids would go and play outside, now most of the other parents have already sent their kids away till this either blows over or gets resolved."

nodded in agreement with his wife until piping up. "Well on a happier note will you be joining us for dinner? I thought it was the least we could do since you're helping us." Soul looked to Maka waiting for her make the decision to decline in favor of asking around town for information.

"That would be great thank you." When she said it it surprised Soul in a good way. They really haven't eaten anything today since the peanut bag fiasco. The people they had to work with were nicer than can be and all they had to do was wait around for the kishin egg to come along seeing as they were lying in wait near practically the only kid in this secluded town. Maybe today wasn't going to be that much of a bad day after all?



Soul sat in Sarah's room looking at Maka as she sat cross legged, eyes closed as she scanned for the kishin egg. "Anything?" Soul whispered in an effort to not wake up the sleeping lump under the mountain of "My Little Pony" blankets that was Sarah.

Maka shook her head from side to side, also trying to be as silent as possible in order to not wake the hyper ball of energy that Sarah turned out to be. Who knew a kid could get so hyper after a meal of meat loaf, mashed potatoes and cream corn? To Maka and Soul that was definitely a first. Other than that Sarah was a likable, normal seven year old who apparently was a little too obsessed with "My Little Pony" by the look of the paraphernalia that filled the cramped space that was her room.

Maka heard Soul adjust his sitting position on the carpeted floor, while she concentrated on detecting the kishin egg with so far little luck. She furrowed her brow as the only things she detected were the souls of the people living here in the town.

It's been three hours since sunset and so far the kishin egg was a no show. She sighed, opening her eyes, massaging her temples to relax the built up tension. Could the kishin egg have gone to another town? Was it not showing up because it knew they were here waiting for it? Both of those possibilities were something Maka didn't want to look forward to.

She stopped massaging her temples and closed her eyes to resume her thorough search of the area. She focused again, seeing the souls of the townspeople. Some were stationary indicating that they were asleep or just sitting down which was probably the case. These people helped her in understanding where the houses were, as most of the souls were grouped together in neat little rows with the large spaces separating them presumably being the streets. There were only a couple of handfuls of souls that were actively moving around, with most of them being near the motionless ones.

But there was one human soul that stuck out like a sore thumb to Maka, and it was moving a little too fast to be just out for a midnight stroll down the same street the Andrews' house was. Maka wondered why a person would be out at night sprinting down the road like they were going for the gold in a 100 meter dash. She didn't even sense anything chasing the soul running down the street, not even another soul. So why would the person be running around at night? Then all of the sudden the soul stopped it's mad dash down the street to come to an abrupt halt near the house. She sensed the soul rising for a moment before it disappeared.

It disappeared!? Then she started to sense something familiar. It started slowly at first until it it assaulted her soul perception with something that was undeniably a kishin egg. Maka opened her eyes. Kishin eggs don't just pop out of nowhere and she's never seen a kishin egg capable of using soul protect.

She stood up, putting on her jacket she motioned for Soul. Understanding her body language he did the same. They exited the room and walked down the short hallway to enter the living room. Mr and were sitting on their living room couch steaming cups of coffee in hand.

took her attention away from her coffee to look at the weapon and meister as they walked into the living room. "It's here?" She talked in a small voice, almost like she was afraid that if she talked any louder that that thing might bust down the door.

Soul nodded, hearing the worry in her voice he smiled to try and reassure her. "Don't worry, we'll get rid of this freak in no time."

"What's here?"

Soul and Maka turned to find Sarah standing just outside of the doorway of her room, a stuffed pony in hand as she rubbed the sleep from her bleary eyes.

"Sarah honey, why don't you come over here and sit with mommy and daddy for a bit." patted the space between her and her husband.

"Okay." Sarah hobbled past Maka and Soul to climb up onto the space between her parents. Mrs. Andrews put an arm around Sarah drawing her close to her, while scooted closer to them on the couch.

The way they were sitting on the couch reminded Maka of how her parents used to console her when she had nightmares. She remembered how she would run out of her room to her still awake parents on the living room couch. It was so simple then.

Maka pulled herself out of her thoughts. No, now was not the time and place to think about that. She had a job to do. "Like Soul said this really shouldn't take long." She and Soul moved to the door ready to obliterate the bastard of a kishin egg waiting outside.

turned around in his seat to look at the duo. "Just be careful, okay."

Soul smiled, his toothy grin proving to be unsettling to him. "You should tell that to the kishin egg once we're done with 'em."

Maka opened the door, walking out onto the doorstep as snow gently collided with her jacket. Soul followed suit, closing the door behind them.

Soul looked around them trying to peer through the veil of snow that enveloped the area like a fog of war. "So where is it? I can barely see the other side of the street."

Maka sensed the kishin egg still in the same place that she first detected it when it decided to pull a houdini and magically appear out of nowhere. Like a rabbit out of a hat she mused as she pointed to the right. "There." She would take it's soul now and report the phenomenon to Lord Death later.

They walked into the street through the thicket of falling snow, the snow under their feet crunching with each step. The snow did not relent in it's avid downfall. As they walked into the street they could see a faint blur of motion and the beginnings of red snow. Moving even closer they saw a scene that looked like something out of a horror movie.

A woman laid on the ground, eyes glossed over with death. Her midsection torn open as a bird-like creature chowed down on the flesh there with it's beak, making the body move with each bite of flesh it took.

Maka fought back the urge to gag at the stench of the creature busy eating the corpse. It reeked of absolute decay. It's right arm ended with a taloned hand, while the left arm was just one big sharpened bone with an elbow joint. Where the left hand should have been there was just a sharpened point of bone. The rest of the creature was covered in dirty mottled gray feathers. Making it look like someone used to clean their chimney with this feathered monster.

"Pew ew! Ever hear of a thing called a bath big bird?" Soul waved his hand in front of his nose to try and dissipate the horrible fragrance currently trying to overwhelm his sense of smell.

The creature stopped mid-chomp and slowly raised it's head to look at the source of the verbal abuse. Two red eyes rested on the pair as a thin tongue licked the excess blood from it's beak. "So you're the kid who kicked Asura's bucket? Hmph, all I see is some little girl and her albino sidekick wonder." It's voice was deep and baritone as it talked.

Soul shook his head giving an amused grunt. "Guy you haven't seen nothing yet." Soul smirked as he transformed into a scythe, falling into Maka's waiting hands.

Maka felt the familiar handle of Soul's scythe form in her hands, twirling it in her hands before stopping it to bring the blade down, pointing at the kishin egg.

The kishin egg lightly tapped the blunt end of it's boned arm with the palm of it's hand trying to pull off a mocking clap. "Bravo! Bravo! But you'll need a lot more than girl scout baton twirling to kill me."

Soul chuckled. "You're all bark and no bite you over sized turkey."

The kishin egg looked at the bladed reflection of Soul. "I think I'll be the judge of that butter knife."

"Really that's the best you can come back with?"

Soul and the kishin egg traded their trash talk, while Maka glared at the kishin egg who killed so many of this town's children. She was going to end this quickly and painfully. Her grip on the handle tightened. "You're soul is mine."

"Is it now? I bet you say that to all the kishin eggs!" It charged at Maka, intent on running her through with it's bone bladed arm. Maka reared up Soul's scythe form and like a batter at the plate aimed to "home run" the kishin egg's head. Instead of staying on course to meet the meister's scythe head on, it ducked under the swing of the blade. Drawing in close it tried to take her legs out from under her with it's gnarled bird feet. Maka seeing the ploy from a mile away jumped over the side swiping chicken leg, and with gravity as her ally brought down the butt of Soul's scythe on it's head with a sickening crack, knocking it back in the process.

It staggered back a few steps holding the bleeding wound with it's hand while keeping the eye that wasn't being drowned out with the blood from the injury on Maka. "You little bitch!" Half-blinded and angrier than a roided up bull, it charged at them again. This time it let loose a torrent of rageful blows directed at Maka's upper body, all of which Maka steadily deflected with Soul. As it continued it's attack Maka waited for an opening in which she could end it with one decisive blow.

As she deflected and waited she heard screams above the cacophony of her fight with the kishin egg. She pushed the kishin egg away from her using the shaft of the scythe. The kishin egg stumbled back a few feet from the unexpected force before slipping on a patch of black ice and falling into a discombobulated heap on the ground.

"Maka what's happening?" Soul's disembodied voice came out of the scythe as his meister looked in the general direction of the Andrews' house.

Maka sensed one of the three souls in the Andrews' house blink from existence while a kishin egg's slowly appeared right next to where the one soul disappeared. "Again!?"

Soul mentally recoiled, again?. "Maka what do you mean by again?"

Maka's mind went on overdrive. She had never seen this type of soul masking magic before. Also there was no way a buffoon like this guy or the newly appeared kishin egg could be capable of this kind of magic. No there had to be a witch doing it, but she didn't sense one nearby and a witch would have to have dropped her soul protect before she could perform any type of highly advanced magic like this.

"Don't you turn around on me! I'm not done with you yet!" Maka looked to see the kishin egg running towards her. Maka sidestepped it's oncoming attack, revealing it's unprotected side and back. She spun after she sidestepped, gaining the momentum she needed to impale it's back with Soul's scythe.

"Gurk!" It looked down at the blade protruding from it's stomach. Blood dripped from the blade as Soul's image in the blade smiled a toothy grin up at the surprised kishin egg. Maka pulled the scythe out of the kishin egg's back before connecting the butt of the handle with it's bird beaked head. The impact made it unharmoniously crumble to the ground as Maka ran to the Andrews' home.

As Maka ran to the house she heard more screams then a booming crash. Picking up speed she ran to the front door opening it. The interior of the house looked like a war zone. The couch was overturned, some of the cushions lying about covered in claw marks and blood. Walking past the carnage of the couch she saw what remained of . The only untouched part of the body being his face as he laid there on the ground with an aluminum baseball bat at his side.

Sensing a human soul at the other end of the house she walked down the house's hallway. She neared the end of the hallway where the laundry room door was supposed to be. Instead the door was unhinged lying on the floor of the laundry room. As she passed through the

door way she noted the claw marks on and around the doorframe.

Entering the room she turned to see sitting between the washer and the dryer, arms clutching her knees close to her chest as she rocked back and forth. "It killed Eddy. It took Sarah. It killed Eddy. It took Sarah. It killed Eddy. It took Sarah..." She continued this mantra even when Maka tried to talk to her.

"Are you alright?!" Maka saw a wide gash in her side in between her fits of rocking.

The only thing she gave in reply was to point to the gaping hole in the wall adjacent from them.

Soul decided to ask the rhetorical question. "Maka can you sense where their going?"

Maka looked out into the snowing environment outside sensing the soul of Sarah and the second kishin egg, both of which was gaining speed heading to the mountain that she could see beyond the forest of trees that started at the end of the Andrews' back yard. "Remember the mountain we saw on our way here Soul?"

"Yeah." He mentally nodded at the memory.

"It's taking her there."

\* \* \*

><p>Was the fight scene good or bad? Was it decent. Will Sarah live? What will happen to the second kishin egg? TUNE IN NEXT TIME TO FIND OUT!<p>

### 3. Sleep

Okay here is the new chapter. Just to tell you when you see "Now was" there's supposed to be the name of Sarah's father in there but for some reason I can't edit that in there. Also I don't own Halo or Soul Eater.

/

The kishin egg's feet pounded the ground as he made his mad dash to the mountain.

All the while the little girl that was tucked under his arm was kicking and squirming, near the verge of tears. "Let me go!"

The kishin egg bobbed and weaved through the trees, looking straight ahead as he ran. "Fat chance Shirley Temple."

Sarah proceeded to wail as her bird like captor ran like a chicken would from Colonel Sanders. Only Colonel Sanders was Maka Albarn and what Colonel Sanders did to chickens is what she would do to him if he didn't run fast enough.

He ignored the constant wailing, even though it didn't help the throbbing pain on the top of his feathered skull. "Yeah good luck with

that kid. Good luck with that." Damn aluminum bat, the guy back there would've lived if he hadn't used it.

Thinking of what Maka Albarn would do to him if she caught him, he thought of what she did to his brother. He didn't like the guy that much, but damn that was a short fight. He chuckled to himself as he jumped over a small grouping of rocks, serves him right for being a stuck up jackass all the time. He was surprised when the guy who gave them this job in the first place wasn't put off by his brother's behavior when him and his outfit cornered them in Venezuela.

All he had to do now that his brother gave him time is to run like there's no tomorrow with the crying brat slung under his arm and when he got to where he needed to be his employer would handle the motherly instinctual power house on his tail. Now that he had to see.

\* \* \*

><p>Maka moved with a purpose, running through the thicket of trees that stood between her and ripping the kishin egg a new one, figuratively speaking. Maka thought back to the first kishin egg that appeared. Now knowing that it was a ploy to lure her away from the house. How could she be so stupid? Now was dead because of this and Sarah would be too if she didn't run faster! Maka shook it from her mind, now was not the time. She would have her share of self berating and regret after she rescued Sarah.<p>

Judging by the brain capacity of the first kishin egg and assuming the second one was just as foolhardy, maybe a little smarter than the first, there was no way tweedle dee and tweedle dum could've pulled that off or let alone orchestrate that on their own. Either way they were working with or for someone, most likely for. She also wondered why the kishin egg would be taking her to the mountain of all places. So that's why she was going to have a long talk with the kishin egg ahead of her then she could get some answers, but only after she saved Sarah. The list just gets bigger and bigger she mused.

As she ran she sensed the kishin egg and Sarah's soul stop, then rise slowly at an angle. She could see herself quickly closing the gap between the mountain as it got larger in her vision with each stride. Apparently it was climbing the mountain with it's human cargo which would slow it down seeing as it would only have one free arm during the climb. If that was the case(In her time as a meister there had been a few kishin eggs with multiple arms) then she could easily catch up with it.

She ran through the trees, jumping over the occasional rock or overgrown root as she did. Through the cover of the trees she could see a clearing at the start of the incline of the mountain. Coming into the clearing she saw the form of the kishin egg above them on the mountain pushing Sarah into a sizable crack in the mountain. "Hey!" This startled the kishin egg and nearly made it lose its footing, scattering pebbles off the side of the ledge it stood on. Looking down at the meister and weapon pair it quickly disappeared into the crack.

"TIMBER!"

Soul shouted. "Maka!"

Behind her Maka could hear the splintering of wood, the creaking of a tree, and she could feel the displacement of the air as she kicked off to the left to avoid it, but not before one of the tree's jagged limbs raked her back unforgivingly, tearing through her jacket and the shirt under it exposing it to the cold air. The pain was sharp as she landed to the side the tree limb affecting her parabolic jump.

"Maka are you okay!? Soul's voice sounded over the clacking of tree limbs as the tree settled on the ground.

"Can you check?" Maka winced as she craned the scythe behind her, giving Soul the ability to assess the damage.

"You've had worse Maka, but it's going to need some stitches." Soul said this as he scrutinized the wound on her lower back.

"Thanks." Maka stood up from her kneeling position, mindful of the throbbing pain in her back, to look at the source of the tree cutting.

The kishin egg from before was standing there panting as it stood over the freshly cut tree stump.

Soul sighed. "Seriously how many times are we going to have to kill you?"

The kishin egg growled, limping and staggering towards them only to collapse halfway through it's second stride. It gave a sigh of defeat, it's body disintegrated leaving nothing but the faint red glowing orb of it's soul.

"I guess once is fine for me." Soul spoke as Maka extended the scythe over to where the kishin egg's soul was now floating. Soul transformed his upper body and grabbed the soul, swallowing it he transformed his upper body back into his scythe form.

Maka turned looking back at the crack in the mountain, relieved to find Sarah's soul still flickering in her soul perception. But time was ticking and they needed to move before the kishin egg got any ideas. Maka jogged over to the rock face and started to climb with Soul in tow. Occasionally using him like a pick to advance up the mountain quicker until she reached the sizable opening in the rock. She threw in Soul first and Soul transforming back into his human form helped Maka into the opening before changing back into a scythe.

Maka proceeded down the tunnel, leading them deeper into the mountain as Maka tracked the kishin egg and Sarah's soul. It was pitch black in the tunnel while she walked down it's twists, turns, and bends. The tunnel itself was narrow, giving her little room to utilize Soul effectively in these cramped quarters. They moved along the tunnel until they saw a light at the end of the tunnel.

Approaching the light they found it to be a lantern nailed above a closed bulkhead, with the bulkhead blocking their way.

" Well that's out of place." Maka concluded as she did a once over of the metal door's features.

"So Maka, their behind this door right?"

"Yeah" Maka focused on the two soul's on the other side of the door standing still. Sarah's soul was in front of the kishin egg's soul facing in their direction. This made it look to Maka like the kishin egg had nowhere else to go since they weren't moving deeper into the mountain. This also brought up the possibility of it using Sarah as leverage.

Maka tightened her grip on Soul's scythe at the thought. Kids shouldn't be used like bargaining chips. They weren't items to be used for one's entertainment and they are not disposable tools to be used and done away with. The thought brought up the past situation with Medusa and Crona. The ways she used and abused Crona came to mind. No child should be used like that either.

Soul wondered if the door was locked and if it was did the kishin egg really think a locked door would stop them. "Hey Maka, you think it's locked?"

Maka moved to the wheeled handle of the bulkhead door. "Only one way to find out." Surprisingly the wheel turned without a hitch, swinging to the side and revealing the small cavern within as they entered. Directly in front of them was a red faced Sarah and the kishin egg, flanked by two floodlight stands. The kishin egg stood behind Sarah holding both her hands behind her, hunching behind her like a shield as the floodlights distorted their combined shadows on the floor.

Sarah's eyes lit up when she saw the pair enter the room. "Maka!" She moved to go to her only to be yanked back by the kishin egg.

Noticing the thick plastic circlet around her neck Soul voiced his concern. "Please don't tell me that's what I think it is around her neck."

Maka focused her attention on Sarah's neck, noticing the black plastic accessory and the danger it could pose.

It smiled, acknowledging the attention the collar received. He gestured to it with a taloned hand as he spoke "Like it? I hear explosive collars are all the rage with kids nowadays."

Maka glared daggers at the kishin egg, tightening her grip on Soul's scythe. "Let her go."

It chuckled, throwing a free arm up in the air. "How heroic, but that's not up to me. Take it away bossman!"

There was a slight static rumble as hidden speakers came to life. "Maka Albarn, no one else needs to die today..."

Soul mentally rolled his eyes at the unoriginality of his opening sentence. He's heard better from five year olds. This guy obviously knew who they were and he obviously wanted something really badly if it meant messing with them so they might as well just cut to the chase. "Spare the bull and cut to the chase. What do you want?"



There was silence in the air before the speaker continued taken aback and surprised by the interruption of his introduction, but nevertheless he continued. "Very well then. You of course."

Behind them the bulkhead door swung shut and an audible metallic click could be heard as a thick metal panel slid from a hidden point in the ceiling, blocking the exit.

Clever. This whole thing was just a ploy to get to them. But if this was where the two kishin eggs set up shop then where were the remains? In the mission briefing the children were taken not just slain for their souls like some cases, but the ground here in this cave was completely bare except for the two bird nests off to the other side of the cave that looked as large as bean-bag chairs with assorted trash items around them. No bones, blood or rotting bodies like other kishin egg hideouts whose occupants preferred to take the whole person and kill them at some place discreet like this, rather than out in the open. Either the two of them were very hygienic (which she doubted) or they never killed any of the children to begin with.

If that was the case then was Sarah only one of many hostages? "If this was just one big scheme to get to us then what did you do with the rest of children?"

"Don't worry. They are being well cared for at the moment." Every time he started and stopped talking it was heralded by a noise like a walkie-talkie.

"Funny, coming from the one who uses kishin eggs to do his dirty work." Maka verbally lashed out at the hypocrisy in his statement.

"A means to an end in the grand scheme of things, Maka Albarn."

At this Soul decided to have at it with the voice. "Yeah, well tell that to Mrs. Andrews." His words dripped with malice to the individual speaking to them. But this seemed to be the point of overflow for Sarah as tears brimmed at the corner of her eye at the reference to her father.

The tears came down her face as she cried, sniffing once or twice and shaking while doing so.

The kishin egg holding her on the other hand sighed. "Arhg, enough with the whining already for crying out loud!"

Maka looked back to the kishin egg, glaring pure murder at it.

It hunched its head close to its body. Looking meek as it averted her gaze. "Shutting up."

The mic clicked on again but there was a pause before he talked. "That...that was a possibility but not a favorable..."

The mic cut off, almost as if someone cut an important wire or turned off his electric. Maka, Soul and the kishin egg were waiting for the speaker to come back to life when an object fell from the ceiling.

As soon as Maka saw it she tried to shield her face with her free arm, but it was too late.

Halfway through its descent, it exploded with a flash of white, blinding them while the sharp sound of the explosion immediately set their ears alight with ringing, disorienting them in the process.

Almost at the same time of the explosion Maka felt a sudden impact on her thigh followed by a sharp pain. Her legs buckled for moment before collapsing beneath her of their own accord. Her arm came out to block herself from falling onto the ground but she quickly lost control of it and finally fell. Falling to the side her grip on Soul's scythe loosened and he clattered on the cave floor beside her

She willed her body to get up but nothing responded as she laid there on the ground. She could feel herself being moved from laying on her side to laying on her back, looking up to a blurred Soul. "Maka are you alright?"

She tried to speak but she couldn't form the words or even open her mouth to begin with. All she could do was watch as the haze from the small explosive dissipated. She felt trapped, it felt even worse than the time Arachne paralyzed her, at least she could speak and slightly move her head then.

Above the dying ringing in her ears, she could hear Sarah scream as a pressured hissing sound reverberated throughout the interior of the cave. Out of the corner of her eye she could see white colored smoke moving to blanket her and Soul.

Soul coughed as he breathed in the gas that filled the room. "Dammit..." It was all he could say before he tumbled off to the side from his kneeling position over Maka and out of her line of sight.

Maka, feeling the full effects of the gas, couldn't fight any longer as it forced her eyelids shut, turning her vision black as she drifted off into unconsciousness.

\* \* \*

><p>It all felt surreal to him in a way, but it all seemed clear as day. His little brother was in the seat adjacent to him, making guttural animal noises as he played with two plastic dinosaurs. Mashing them together in mock battle, laughing occasionally. His parents on the other hand argued on about the best way to get home, seeing how the usual route was clogged with traffic.<p>

As this went on he looked out of the car window as they drove down the highway. He always found car rides relaxing. For him it was the constantly changing scenery and the feeling of the car in steady, constant movement that soothed him. He relaxed in his seat as his parents, having agreed on the best route flipped the switch for the radio. Tapping into the last radio station it was on it played for about a minute until the music turned to crackling static. His mother turned the dial and channeled through the different stations, only to find static on each one she turned to.

His mother sighed, throwing up her hands in defeat. "Great, the radio is broken."

His dad took his eyes off the road occasionally to look at the radio, furrowing his brow to check for himself. "That can't be right. We just had this installed about a week ago." Shrugging he returned his attention back to the highway. " Then I guess we'll have to have to get that checked out later."

It was then that he started to feel it. It started out with an overall tingling sensation that he'd never felt before in his life. Like every cell in his body was supercharged to the point that it began a dull overall ache in his body. As the feeling began to increase so did the ache and his breath became laboured.

His mother in the front passenger seat noticed this and turned around to look at her son. "What's wrong?"

Hearing the concern in his wife's voice his father looked in the rear view mirror to try and get a look at his son "You okay back there..."

Sitting in the back of the car the ache increased until it stopped its climb up the hurt ladder and plateaued. Clenching the armrest dividing the back seat of the car he saw a glowing haze of orange envelope his body. Spreading from where his arm clenched the armrest to move across his legs, torso, and head. Stopping to where his left hand lay balled into a fist beside him. Tendrils of energy arced around him. The arcing of the energy rapidly increased in frequency until it released, the flash filling his vision becoming the only thing he could see.

He woke up with a start, breathing heavily as his heart rate declined from the fright. He sat up in the makeshift fur sleeping bag to put his face in his hands. He had to stop reliving that moment. He'd take those other nightmares he had any day over that.

He opened his eyes to peek through his fingers to see that the fire he'd built had died down to a pile of glowing embers. Looking past that and through the hole in the hull he saw the snow as it made its descent to coat the winter landscape, some of it coming through the cracks in the hull every so often. Sighing, he got out from under the protection of the furs to reignite the necessary fire.

#### 4. POW!

I apologize for the shortness but I need some time to flesh out the outline a bit. And I definitely don't own Halo or Soul Eater. Other than that enjoy.

/

Tanner sat at the comm unit allotted to him, trying to find out just what caused the system to cut the video feed from the cave and disable the console. Getting down from his chair, opening one of the metal panels at the base of the console to rummage through the wiring feeding into the console. Behind him he heard the the metal doors leading into the cramped comm room, followed by footsteps.

Looking up from his position under the console he saw the lieutenant looking down at him. "Sir?" Tanner stood up from his position under the desk.

Smiling he walked over to the confused doctor, taking his shoulder in his hand he gave Tanner a shake of camaraderie before walking over to the console. "Good job Tanner. Thanks to you we should have the subject under the scrutiny of your microscope in no time. Override code 3AB-5790-H75, clearance level: Charlie." The console rebooted before the large monitor screen taking up most of the space on the wall flashed back to life. The live footage from the hidden cameras in the cave obscured by the white smoke.

"You cut me off?" gave his superior a strange look while he talked. "Why?"

He sighed, leaning onto the console and crossing his arms over his chest, being mindful not to butt-dial any of the console's controls. "Tanner, I know you wanted to try and talk the subject down, but this operation is under some strict time constraints. So I took it upon myself to... expedite the process."

Tanner turned, putting the various feeds from the cave under his scrutiny. "Then why are you thanking me?"

Scratching the back of his head. "Tanner how can I put this in a way that won't offend you... ah the hell with it. Tanner you were a distraction."

"Such a morale booster sir." He diverted his attention away from the screen to look back at the lieutenant.

"If it makes you feel any better it has to happen to everybody at some point."

Tanner shook off the slight offense left by the cloak and dagger from his head. He was working with spooks for pete's sake, what else should he expect, breakfast in bed? Besides, they have bigger fish to fry right now. "So what about our avian friend in there?"

"A loose end." Extending his arm he tapped a button on the console. The screen's various camera angles changed their vision to grant the two the necessity of viewing the cave and it's occupants in the infrared spectrum. Seeing the outlines of the four bodies lying on the cave floor, showing up as red and yellow blobs. The red staying at their cores as the yellow radiated in various hues at certain places.

"So would our other hired help be considered a loose end?" Tanner glanced between the screen and the lieutenant, looking at the heat output of each body while paying attention to the conversation.

He paused seemingly gathering his thoughts before putting them to words. "Yes, but for now she's just unfinished business just because we don't have the manpower, resources, or time to deal with her. For now we just have to hold our part of the bargain."

chuffed. "So now we play the trust game?"

The lieutenant talked as he keyed his communicator. " I don't like leaving things like these up in the air. You know my motto, death is the best vow of silence." He then tapped a few keys on the console, changing the vision setting on the cameras back to the normal spectrum.

Tanner thought about it for a moment until the lieutenant spoke. "Well if we're done talking, I would like to start reeling in the net." He turned around giving the monitor his undivided attention as he rubbed his hands together. "Time to see what the jolly old fat guy left under the tree."

Tanner on the other hand thought over what he had just said to him. Would he kill him to cover some sensitive tracks? He was indispensable to this operation. He couldn't kill him, right? He thought back to his predecessor, he was thought to be indisposible too and he was court martialed... No he was not his predecessor. He would succeed where he has failed.

Sergeant Owens pressed the earpiece closer to his ear with his middle and forefinger. Listening to the earpiece he nodded. "Yes sir." He returned his hand to it's former position on his assault rifle. "Okay people we're live! Remirez get the door." He looked towards his left at one of the marines, motioning with his weapon to the keypad next to the gray metal doors.

The marine named Remirez went to the keypad. Typing in a code while the others positioned themselves around the door, weapons raised. The doors parted silently as they entered the room, fanning out as they did so. Soon zeroing in on the bodies lying on the ground.

The sergeant pointed, gesturing to three of the unconscious bodies. "Berns give 'em a check up."

Taking out a data pad, the marine crouched next to one of the bodies scanning the vitals. "Just what the doctor ordered."

"Sarge, what about the overgrown chicken?" Owens turned, seeing a marine nudge the creature with his combat boot.

The earpiece in the sergeant's ear went off again as he listened to the person on the other end. "No happy ending for tweetie bird over there. You know the drill. Clean his clock."

The marine nodded, aiming his rifle at the kishin egg's head, firing a short burst. The gunshots reverberated around the inside of the cavern and it's body stiffened before relaxing back to it's original state. Looking away from the execution Owens looked to the group of marines near the other pair. "Get these three into cryo and loaded up. Oh, and don't forget the body bag for chicken wings either."

Maka stirred, feeling the warmth at her feet. Pulling the covers closer to herself for comfort... Wait, covers? Maka jolted upright, eyes darting around as she looked at her surroundings.

Directly in front of her a fire danced, casting shadows on aged metal walls. Across from her a pile of furs and blankets moved. Getting out of the pile she was in, she tiptoed as silently as she could to the other pile. Peeking out of it was a white wisp of hair and Soul's

headband. Relieved she pulled down on the blanket to reveal Soul's sleeping face. "Soul get up." She whispered trying to wake him so they could assess the situation together. Shaking him by the shoulders she whispered loudly for him to wake up. Getting only his head lolling back and forth as a response as she shook him she decided to wake him up the hard way.

Patting the pockets on her person she couldn't feel the hard surface of a book through the fabric. Frowning, she couldn't find much of anything not even her mirror, but those were every where. She would have to worry about that later.

Sighing she brought her hand up over her head. Guess she'll just have to do this without a book then. Bringing her hand down her palm connected with his cheek. Waiting for a moment she was surprised when he didn't jolt upright from the sharp slap. Instead his head tilted to the side in the aftermath of the wake up call. The red shape of her hand taking up much of the space on his cheek. Maka was debating with herself on just how hard she should throttle her partner when she heard footsteps behind her.

The source of the noise was echoing into the space from a run down door at the back of this rag tag interior campsite. Sensing a lone human soul coming her way she looked around for something that she could use as a substitute for Soul. Finding a metal pan lying on the ground next to the fire she collected it and moved as quietly as she could to a spot next to the door.

Feeling the cold of the metal through the clothing on her back as she stood near the door. As the human soul neared the door she leveled the pan on her shoulder like a bat, ready to strike. The footsteps drew closer and closer until finally a leg carefully stepped into the room. Maka watched as a guy wearing a heavy winter jacket walked into the room, but before he could take another step Maka zeroed in on him. Swinging the pan it connected with the back of his head with a thud, making him topple forward onto the ground. When she saw that he didn't move to get off the ground she slowly approached him, pan at the ready in case he decided to try and surprise her. Crouching next to him she used one hand to grasp his shoulder to flip him over, while the other one was raised over her head ready to strike. Rolling him onto his back she saw that he looked to be around her and Soul's age, with brown hair and a dash of unconsciousness. Now that that was taken care of Maka sighed before getting up to drag him.

## 5. Contingency

He was here again. Reliving something that he never even lived through.

He moved through the flat, noisy, streets towards the smoke billowing up into the sky. Everything here was angular. Pristine white and silver colors dominated the city's architecture. The air that was once peaceful and serene was now filled with chaos, panic, and fear. He made his way through the varying forms of the city's inhabitants that ran past him. Horror frozen on many of their faces as they frequently looked at the column of smoke behind them.

Nearing the source of the panic he saw pale, yellowish fleshy growths covering most of the infrastructure. Giant glistening blisters dotted

the surface of it. Looking like they could burst at any moment. Ahead of him an inhuman screech sounded as misshapen forms landed in front of him. Their heads bent away from their bodies at inhumane angles. The faces occupying them contorted in expressions of pain, like someone took snapshots of them just before they died. Flower like appendages sprouting from their mutilated chests like a garden of daisies. They moved towards him in great loping strides. His arms moved against his will as gauntlets gleaming like the darkest obsidian were raised into his view. Energy curled around them, forming blades that extended from each gauntlet.

The first one to reach him came at him with a mad flurry of swinging arms and guttural growling. Quickly ducking under the whirlwind of strikes he parted its legs from the rest of the body. The thrashing mass hadn't even hit the ground yet when one of its comrades took its place. The decaying form moved to attack him with a diseased appendage in a great downward stroke aimed for his head. Taking the offending limb and ripping it from the body he delivered a sharp kick to its midsection. The action sending it sprawling into the one following close behind.

The last two remaining combat forms charged. Their garbled warbling heralding their animalistic anger. The leader of the charge outstretched both of his mutated appendages. As if he was in dire need of a hug. When it did close its arms together all it met was thin air as he jumped over the them and avoided the hug-of-death. Its follower though, collided with the back of its partner at the sudden halt, causing the both of them to stagger forward.

Dropping in from behind he thrust the blades into the back of the combat form. Effectively pincushioning the two together. He dragged the his tools of destruction upward in one fluid motion effectively separating their torso into three pieces. Seeing the former threat fall into a motionless mess on the ground he turned his attention to the duo regaining their footing. Getting up they didn't waste any time in running into a nearby alleyway and out of his sight.

That was... Strange. What always puzzled him was why he didn't go after them as he continued forward and into the maze of the city. Of all the dreams he's had so far this one seems to be the most prevalent and consistent. Every time he would some of them run off and it even went so far as him passing by the inhabitants of this city who were constantly harassed by these walking gore bags. He just was forced to watch through the eyes of this person as he made a single minded headway towards the origin of the smoke rising into the sky.

Before he could make any more progress the scenery around him began to lose its clarity. Everything became blurred and soon all he could see was the recognizable darkness of his eye lids. Behind his back He felt some of the bungee cord he kept around the place woven tightly around his hands. Opening his eyes just a crack he could see the two people that he dragged from that charred, bulky behemoth of a plane. He pulls them out from the cruel winter elements and this is how they repay him? He may have not interacted with anyone in a long while but he still knew when he was getting the pointy end of the stick. " Geez, this is cool. I sure am feeling the gratitude right about now. "

The both of them swiveled their heads, looking at the source of the

voice. "Well, that didn't take long."

The bridge of the ship today was livelier than ever as the lieutenant stepped into the room. Techies and crewmen ran back and forth across the deck from console to console. Inputting information and monitoring flashing red readouts that seemed to dominate the the entire bridge. "Beckley! Report!"

The already nervous engineering officer jolted in her seat before righting herself. "Sir, there's been a localized detonation on our starboard side. Flight bay 1 is reporting casualties and is losing atmospheric pressure while crewmen on decks 3 and 4 are on fire control."

The lieutenant peered over her shoulder and at the flashing readouts. If he can remember correctly aren't decks 3 and 4 right next to the FTL drive? If those fires leak over and damage the drive then they could be sitting ducks for any asshole with a chip on their shoulder and an anti air defense grid. It's not like the ship couldn't dodge the incoming fire. It's just that he doesn't want to waste fuel on it. "I want engineering teams and medics running damage control down there now! Jensen, we have to get those fires under control now! Sound the evacuation order for decks 3 and 4. We have to vent out that atmo so we can kill those fires. If anyone is still in there when the timer's up then tough!"

"Aye, aye sir." She patched her comm link through relying the orders to whomever might hear on those decks.

"Sir! The pelican carrying the package is losing altitude and I'm reading multiple flatlines from the crew's vitals!" The lieutenant's eyes zipped to the sight of his Nav officer worriedly looking at the information showing up on his console's screen while furiously tapping various buttons on his console.

"Bring it up on the main display!" He looked at the display seeing the readout pour onto the screen. There seemed to be some cruel humor here because when he would stand behind this display he was practically a god but now he's never felt so powerless as he watched the craft's altitude drop. "Comms officer..."

"Already hailing them." Jensen gave a sigh of frustration before looking back at the Lieutenant. "Sir the flight crew's not responding" Angry bubbled inside of him as he heard the words come out of his comm officer's mouth. But there was still hope in him as he quickly flipped through the vitals of those on board. Sighing in relief when he saw that the subject was still intact only for the readouts on the display to disappear a moment later.

"Uhhh... Sir I just lost their signal." The Nav officer looked flabbergasted at the sudden development.

"What do you mean we lost their signal!" Apparently today was the day that the almighty decided that he would take a massive dump on him and his operation.

"Sir someone must be toying with our equipment because the pelican's signal is showing up in about 7 other places." He watched as the signals multiplied like little gremlins on his display.



"What about the subject's signature?" He knew it was past its 24 hour expiration date but hey heres to hoping.

"The equipment hooked up to our array isn't giving us nothing go on."

Well their job it seems just got a tad bit more difficult. "Triangulate an area around their last position. I want pelicans combing the living hell out of that area." He paused. "You getting this Jensen?"

"Yes sir." Jensen went through the steps of setting up a secure line with the operating base on the ground. Satisfied with the encryption she went about relying the orders.

He needed to think. He needed to stew over this and look over his contingencies. He started for the door. "Okay! I want a shipwide damage and casualty report on my desk by 0900. I also want boots on the ground by the time they find that crash site." He turned around addressing his crew members before heading to his cabin.

End  
file.